

# Lana Del Rey, Grandfather Please Stand on The

Three white butterflies to know you're near

I know they think, that it took somebody else  
To make me beautiful (Beautiful)  
As they intended me to be  
But they're wrong  
I know they think  
That it took thousands of people  
To put me together again  
Like an experiment  
Some big men behind the scenes  
Sewing Frankenstein black dreams into my songs  
But they're wrong

God, if you're near me send me three white butterflies  
Or an owl to know you're listening, sitting while I'm drinking  
Grandfather, please stand on the shoulders of my father  
While he's deep-sea fishing for sharks in the Pacific  
'Cause I'm good on spirit, warm-bodied  
A fallible deity wrapped up in white  
I'm folk, I'm jazz, I'm blue, I'm green  
Regrettably, also a white woman

But I have good intentions even if I'm one of the last ones  
If you don't believe me, my poetry or my melodies  
Feel it in your bones  
I have good intentions even if I'm one of the last ones  
(Ah-ha-ah, yeah, ah-ha-ah, yeah, ah-ha-ah, yeah)

Grandfather, please stand on the shoulders of my father  
While he's deep-sea fishing for all the things he's wishing  
God, if you're near me, send me three white butterflies  
Or a map to know Your vision, impart on me Your wisdom

It took somebody else to make me beautiful  
Wonderful  
As they intended me to be  
But they're wrong

Three white butterflies to know you're near

Utwór 'Grandfather Please Stand on The Shoulders of My Father While He's Deep-Sea Fishing' z a